

The **A**djutant.





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MOUNT TAMALPAIS MILITARY ACADEMY 1901 FOOTBALL TEAM

The Adjutant

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NO. 3

A Severed Cord

PRIZE STORY, BY J. E. C. '03

I.

It was Christmas eve in the year of our Lord 1263. The setting sun shone upon the snow-covered hills which surrounded the prosperous little village of Abbeysgate, while its last rays lingered on the mossy towers of the old stone castle which overlooked the town. How long the castle had been there no one knew. The oldest inhabitant of the fief could remember that his grandfather had said, that it was built by the Saxons long before the time of the Conquest. Suffice it to say it was now held by William, Baron of Abbeysgate, one of the most wicked men who ever polluted this earth. It was his standard, a lion rampant on a field of blood, that now floated defiantly over the walls, as though daring anyone to come and pull it down.

In the gloomy judgment hall of the castle sat the Baron, presiding over the court, for although it was Christmas eve the exercise of justice must still be carried on. At his right sat a bald-pated monk, telling his beads with trembling fingers and whispering "Pater Nosters" under his breath. At his left, ensconced in a chair almost as high as the Baron's, sat a hump-backed dwarf by name Tallybrander, who, although supposed to be only a jester, exercised more influence over the Baron than any other member of his household.

Before the bar, his hands manacled behind his back and his feet shackled together, sat an old man who shook and trembled

as one possessed of the palsy. He was a respected citizen of the village who was charged with the awful crime of attempting to defend his daughter from the dastardly attacks of one of the Baron's men at arms.

One or two questions were asked and then Tallybrander leaned over and whispered something to the Baron, who nodded to two burly men at arms standing near the door. They quickly seized the old man and hustled him outside where his doom awaited him.

A murmur ran through the small crowd of peasants and loiterers, as a slim fair-haired girl, clad in green, rushed forward and threw herself at the feet of the Baron. "Mercy! mercy!" she cried, "in the name of the God in whom you profess to believe, have mercy on my father!" The Baron glanced down contemptuously. "Throw her out," he said to the guard. Then raising his voice he cried in louder tones, "Come, haste ye, comrades all; the banquet waits for us and the good brown ale spoils in the pot for want of a drinker. Come, let us hasten to the festal board."

2.

In the great banquet hall of the castle the Baron and his jolly comrades prepared to eat, drink and make merry, the whole night long. Round and round went the great, bejeweled wassail bowl, and time on time the servants filled it to the brim with the rich red wine of Burgundy. As the wine passed round, tongues were loosened and soon the smoke-begrimed rafters rang with the joyous drinking song, and the torches shook in their sockets at the thundering chorus. Even the monk drank his share and was forced to blend his unsteady voice with those of the singers.

The night wore on. The grey dawn of morning had come and already the cock's shrill clarions rang through the sleeping village, when suddenly an alarm sounded throughout the castle. A guard, his head laid open by a glancing saber stroke, rushed into the room crying, "We are betrayed! Treason! Treason! The foe is upon us!" The startled Baron snatching up his sword rushed out of the room followed by his devoted knights. The hall was already full of armed men. With a fearful yell the opposing parties charged. Oaths and shouts were mingled with the shrieks of the wounded and the clash of steel on steel. Up and down the hall the tide of battle whirled; neither side could gain decisive advantage.

The Baron, ever in the front, was striving to reach the spot

where under his azure standard, marked with a huge wild boar stood his hated rival, George, Count of Tweekesbury, coolly directing his men. At length the fiery charges of the invaders prevailed over the desperate defense of the Baron's half drunken soldiery, and he, with five comrades, were forced to escape by a secret passage and to seek refuge at the shrine of the Virgin Mary, which stood on the principal street of the village. Tallybrander had been cut down in the first attack, but the priest had escaped and had sought sanctuary with the Baron.

Up in the castle a man at arms scaled the battlements to the flagpole and the bloody lion came fluttering down, while the white boar of Tweekesbury took its place.

3.

At five o'clock on the morning of Christmas day the good folks of Abbeysgate were awakened by the blowing of a trumpet, and the voice of a herald, crying in solemn tones: "Know ye! know ye! George, Count of Tewkesbury, having captured, in fair fight, the castle of William, Baron of Abbeysgate, does hereby proclaim that if the Baron and those with him shall come out from the sanctuary where they have taken refuge, they shall receive no hurt and their lives shall be spared. If, however, they refuse to agree to these terms, their lives shall be forfeit and they shall be starved from their hiding place."

The people hastened to don their clothes and, after looking at the castle to satisfy themselves that the herald's words were true, they gathered round the chapel, vainly hoping that they might yet have a chance to avenge the many wrongs which the Baron had done them.

At six o'clock the road from the castle was filled by the descending soldiers of Sir George, who marched down, still dressed in their bloody armor, and took up their stations in the town square. Another hour passed slowly by and yet another, and still no sound was heard from the church. The sun rose and the good people, tired of the long delay, went home, ate their breakfast and then returned to their tedious watching.

At ten o'clock the shaven head of the monk was thrust thro' the door, but after seeing the great crowd he hastily withdrew and then a long consultation took place, of which the people could distinguish nothing.

Again the herald advanced, and again he delivered his lengthy proclamation, supplementing it, however, with the statement that,

if the refugees did not appear by noon, the church would be stormed.

Finally, just as the shadow on the great sun-dial pointed to the hour of twelve, the church door swung slowly open and the Baron and the priest came forth followed by the other four men. They held in their hands something that resembled a hempen rope. The crowd surged forward, eager for their prey, but the priest raising his hand cried "Stop! would ye pollute the sanctuary of the Virgin? While our hands grip the unsevered cord which is attached to the altar, we are under the altar's protection," With an angry murmur the baffled crowd fell back but suddenly they shrieked for very joy. A slim, fair girl, clad in green, babbling insanely of revenge and the like, and armed with a bare sword, had sprung forward, and with one swift downward stroke had severed the rope.

Yelling like demons the mob swept down on the unhappy group. For a few minutes the mass heaved convulsively, and then the people picked themselves up and departed to their homes talking in short excited sentences. But in the roadway near a few scattered beads and a golden crucifix lay mutilated and terrible the body of the cruelest Baron in all England.

Condemned as a Spy

BY J. M. S. '02

Evan Wilson was born at Marion, West Virginia, early in the forties. He lived there until the outbreak of the war, when his strong anti secession sentiments made it necessary for him to seek more congenial surroundings, as Marion was in the center of a rebel district. He went to visit his uncle in New York, but had not been there long before the war fever took possession of him and he enlisted in the —th New York Volunteers. Through the early part of the war, he showed himself fearless in battle, and in the fall of '64 was a First Lieutenant on the staff of Gen. Stoneman who was then, with a force of 4000 cavalry, operating in Eastern Tennessee.

In December the brigade crossed into West Virginia. Knowing that he would probably be near his home at Christmas time, Evan sent word to his mother that he would, if possible, procure a fur-

lough, and visit home on Christmas. He seemed doomed to disappointment, however, for a Confederate force under Gen. J. C. Breckinridge was opposing the Union advance, and Evan could not be spared from his duties.

From the 18th of December the Union brigade continued to drive the rebels back mile by mile, until on the night of the 24th the latter were defending the town of Marion. Probably very few of the exhausted Union soldiers in the trenches encircling the town knew or cared that the morrow would be Christmas. But Evan both knew and cared, and he was much puzzled to know how he could safely visit his mother. He had not expected the troops to be here nor had he thought of the possibility of finding the town occupied by rebel forces. However, he was determined since he was so near, to visit his mother in spite of the danger of capture.

The sky was cloudy all Christmas day, and by five o'clock it was very dark. Evan had procured a suit of civilian's clothes and, having put them on in place of his uniform, shortly after five o'clock he set out for the town. He went on for some time, guiding his path by a camp fire in the distance. Presently he was startled by a sentry calling for the corporal of the guard. Concealing himself behind a log he waited until both the sentry and corporal had moved away, and then crawled rapidly within the lines, keeping under cover of some brush. Before long he reached the outskirts of the town and hastened along a back street toward his home. He reached the place without meeting anyone. Cautiously approaching the house, he looked in at the dining room window and saw his mother and sister just sitting down to their Christmas dinner. They had prepared a place for him, evidently having felt sure he would in some way keep his promise to come. Instantly Evan bounded up the steps and burst in upon them. We need not linger over the incidents of the visit; the joy of those who had not seen their son and brother for four long years; Evan's long story of his experiences and adventures. That family dinner—the first since the war began—was one not soon to be forgotten. The time sped past and, before any of the three realized the fact, the clock pointed to half past twelve. Evan was afraid of being captured if he should wait until it began to grow light, so after an affectionate farewell he started back toward camp. When he came near the line of sentinels, he dropped to his hands and knees and crawled for several hundred yards. He thought himself well out of the lines, and was wondering why he had not

seen or heard the sentry, when out of the darkness ahead came a sharp challenge.

"Halt! Who goes there?" And a man with a levelled rifle sprang in front of him.

"Corporal of the guard, Number 5," called the sentinel, and Evan heard the call repeated by the others.

The corporal came quickly and marched Evan, who knew the uselessness of resistance, to head quarters. He was taken before the commanding officer, but refused to answer the latter's questions. The corporal who had been searching Evan's pockets found his name engraved on his watch and showed this to Breckinridge.

"Is your name Evan Wilson?"

"It is."

"Orderly, tell the Adjutant I wish to see him."

"Lieutenant," he asked when the officer came in, "do you know any one here named Wilson?"

"There's a widow of that name who lives on Maple avenue. Her son, Evan I believe is his name, is said to be in the Union army."

"Do you belong to the Union army?" Evan remained silent, but the Corporal handed to the General Evan's revolver, on the butt of which was engraved his name and regiment.

"Is this yours?"

Still Evan stood before him in silence, pale but resolute. He had been brought up to tell the truth and did not intend to prove false now. But the result of his silence was to make his case all the worse. How fierce was the struggle in his breast no one ever knew. The strong temptation came to him to deny his membership in the Union forces. But, by a mighty exertion of will power, he resisted.

"Why were you passing through the lines?"

"I wished to be on the other side."

"An excellent reason, no doubt, but did you not know your great danger of being captured and being shot as a spy?"

"I did."

"The fact of your refusing to answer, by a direct yes or no, the question whether or not you belong to the Union army seems to prove conclusively that you do. I shall give you one more opportunity of answering. Unless you choose to deny it, I shall be forced to believe that you are a Federal spy. Now, do you belong to Gen. Stoneman's force?"

"I do."

"What is your explanation of your presence here?"

"I came to visit my mother "

"How do you propose to prove that you are not a spy as your disguise would indicate you to be?"

"I have no proof to offer."

"You understand what it means?"

"Perfectly."

"Very well. Corporal, take the prisoner to the guard house."

Then the General wrote the following order which he sent to the officer of the day:

"Evan Wilson, a Union soldier, captured in disguise within our lines, to be shot, as a spy, at sunrise." By order of General Breckinridge, Commanding.

O

The "Moonshine" Heroine

BY R. R. H. '03

In the year 1867 Harry Dunn left his old home in Scotland with his wife and infant daughter, Mabel, for Kentucky where he hoped to make his fortune in the growing of tobacco

His plantation was situated near Lexington, and for many years he made a success of his undertaking, but finally a drought held the estate in its clutches, shortly after the planting season in June, and the fall found Mr Dunn again a poor man.

With poverty staring him in the face and having a family to support Dunn took to the life of a "moonshiner." He well knew, however, that to do this alone was to take too great a risk, and that it would be best to look for a partner. This he found in a friend named Gillis.

Ater consulting many a map of the state the partners decided upon a spot in the Blue Ridge mountains which was at least a hundred miles from Lexington. The spring of 1889 found them making preparations and by the fall of the year their still was turning out "moonshine" by the barrel.

Fearing capture, Dunn built his home about a mile from the establishment and here Mabel governed the household, her mother having died soon after their misfortune at Lexington. Although it was lonely here for Mabel she had a companion in a horse named "Beauty" which had been brought from the farm.

He was the perfect picture of a horse, with clean cut limbs and a glossy coat of black.

Mabel was well aware of the fact that her father's occupation was unlawful as well as dangerous and she had often begged him to give it up and return to the peaceful life of a farmer. His excuse was that he did not have the money; but she offered to sell her horse or do anything in her power to get him back to his old ways. Days passed and weeks but still the distillery was kept in operation; but one night as he was going to work, for "moonshiners" work only after sunset, Dunn met his daughter as she was feeding her pet, and here she made her last appeal to him.

"Very well, dear" he said "tonight shall be my last at moonshining. I'll sell out to Gillis. Don't forget the horn if anyone comes."

At that very moment the United States officials were in hiding on Dunn's place, holding him under suspicion and heard the conversation between the two. Through this the authorities learned where the horn was kept and stationed one of their men ber near the door.

About eight in the evening Mabel heard the clatter of galloping hoofs passing the house, and suspecting danger, she ran for the horn. Placing it to her lips she was about to blow the note of warning when the spy wrenched it from her hands, jumped on his pony and hastened to join the rest of the party who were on the way to the still.

The danger of the situation was evident to Mabel immediately, and her brave young heart was stirred to save him who was dearest to her. No time was to be lost and the girl, knowing a short trail down the mountain to the distillery, hurried to the stable to "Beauty."

Springing to the back of her horse she was soon on the trail.

"Beauty," she said "be true to me this time, Papa's future is at stake."

The animal seemed to understand and responded with a will. When she came to the place where the road and trail met she saw in the distance the approaching party.

Suddenly a shot rang out from the group and "Beauty" plunged forward—dead. Mabel, was thrown into some bushes by the roadside and was stunned as a result of the fall.

The shot had been sufficient warning but the "moonshiners" appeared from the cave, in which the still was located, too late. When Dunn saw the men in the distance he shouted to Gillis "Get the Winchester, quick!" Without a moment's hesitation

Gillis ran into the cave and soon returned with the gun, but with only four cartridges.

A pitched battle ensued between the outlaws and the marshals, and as he was about to fire his last shot Dunn felt a stinging sensation in his arm. He was wounded.

Being attacked by superiors numbers and Dunn being wounded, the outlaws were not able to repel the attacking party. Slowly they retreated toward the brush, the marshals advancing cautiously, and as the last cartridge was fired they found themselves in the shelter of the trees. Here at least Gillis could bind up the wound of his comrade and while he laid Dunn by a tree, he himself crouched nearby to watch the next move of the authorities.

The attacking party made a search for the two, but the gathering darkness hindered their efforts and the search was futile.

After waiting in their retreat for a reasonable time the partners returned home. Dunn had seen his daughter flung by the roadside at the fall of the horse and not finding her upon his return his first feeling was one of anxiety for her.

"Has she been carried away as a hostage by the marshals? Had she suffered injury at their hands? Had she fled from him fearing my dishonor and fall?" These questions flew through his mind and finally "Have I not been the cause of this disaster? Would she not have averted it?" Then he remembered that only that evening Mabel had asked him to promise to give up his unlawful work. The feeling that he was the criminal—the cause of Mabel's suffering—filled him with shame and remorse, yet his love for the girl spurred him on to seek her and rescue her.

Alone he traversed the path to the still and there, at the place where she had fallen, he found her.

"Are you goin' to quit Papa?"

"Yes, little gal, the gol durned bizness is too risky."

And he has kept his word.

Far down in the "Cutshin Crick" valley in Kentucky is a small farm, the property of Harry Dunn and his daughter Mabel.

On winter evenings when way-worn travellers, who seek shelter beneath the roof of the kind hearted farmer, are seated about the roaring fire, old man Dunn tells of the time when "Mabel, the bravest gal in all Kentuck', saved me an' Gillis from the powerful arm of the law. Dum them spies! they are no 'count nohow!"

Our Martyrs

BY J. E. C. '03

I.

O God! why was it always thus that Thou
Shouldst take away the noblest of the land?
First Lincoln, Garfield next, and now
McKinley stricken by th' assassin's hand.
Pluck garlands from the easterns laural's boughs,
Bring lilies by the western breezes fanned
And deck with them that great and noble brow
E'en in death's coldness gloriously grand.

II.

Picture the sculptured aisles of Music's fane,
The mighty concourse crowding all around,
The coward shot and the uplifted cane
That felled the villian quickly to the ground,
The victim bravely smiling thro' his pain,
The staggered throng that by amaze stood bound,
Then rushing forward tried to seize in vain
The murderer, whom the armed guards surround.

III.

The whole world trembled at the awful deed,
As swift the dread news spread from sea to sea,
The nations shuddered at the awful creed
Which worked foul deeds like this to set men free.
O God! is this a gallant hero's meed?
Should death like this unto our leader be?
We pray no other hearts may henceforth bleed,
Than these, to join our martyred Trinity.

THE ADJUTANT

Editor-in-Chief, R. Noble Jr. '02

Athletics, W. C. Murdoch Jr. '02

Exchanges, - Harold Fitch '03

Personal and Local, E. M. Cox '02

Alumni, - John E. Cushing '03

Bus. Mgr, - Jas. M. Stevenson '02

Assistant, - - John Buck '03

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This issue will end the work of the present staff. A meeting of the student body was held in the study hall Tuesday evening, Dec. 10th, at which the staff for the coming term, with the exception of an editor-in-chief, was elected.

The new staff is: Editor-in-chief, (not elected). Assistants, Harold Fitch, '03, Morley Maddox, '02, J. E. Cushing, '03 and Renton Hind, '03. James M. Stevenson, '02, was elected manager, and Robert N. Foster, '03, was elected assistant.

The retiring staff wish them all success in their work during the coming term, and hope that the student body will be a little more energetic in their support of the paper, than they have been during the past term.

On Thanksgiving Day the cadets who remained at the school, were given an excellent dinner. The dining room was very prettily decorated and the boys were made to feel as much at home as possible. Three visitors were present at the dinner: Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Maddox and Mr. A. G. Wishon, from Visalia.

The students were given a reception Friday evening, Dec. 13, by our Headmaster Dr. Crosby. The dance was very well attended, and every one seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

It has always been the custom to entertain the boys in this manner at the end of the term, until the last two years when it had been neglected. From now on this reception will be held annually, and there is no doubt that it will be as successful in the future as it has in the past.

An attempt is being made to organize a cavalry squad in the Academy. The preparations for securing the horses and an instructor have been made and a number of boys have already stated

their willingness to join it. It will be a great benefit to the cadets, and they should do all in their power to make it a success. All that is wanted of them is that a sufficient number will join to make it worth while to institute the organization.

The partnership of Dr. Crosby and Dr. Graybill in the school has been dissolved. Dr. Graybill having relinquished ALL his interest in the Academy. Mr. Buck has purchased an interest in the institution, but he will leave the entire management of the school to Dr. Crosby, and hereafter there will be but one headmaster.

There will be no athletic column in this issue, as the editor has failed to prepare his paper. The fact will probably give excuse for the mere mention, in this column, of the one game of football that has been played by Tamalpais since the last issue of the Adjutant. The game in question was played by a limited weight eleven against Hitchcock. Tamalpais won by a score of 17 to 0. More enthusiasm was displayed by the school at this game than at any other played during the season. The students, to a man, attended the game and did some good yelling, and if the interest displayed at this game had taken hold of the boys earlier in the season the team would undoubtedly have made a more creditable showing.

E x c h a n g e s

We have received the football edition of the "Heraldo," it contains an excellent story entitled, "Cupid in Moleskins."

The Wa-Wa is not up to its usual standard. We note that it lacks an Alumni column.

The "La Plume" from Grand Rapids, Mich., is an excellent paper in every respect. It contains a well written and interesting story entitled "Jack's Thanksgiving."

The "Comet," Reno High School, contains some good stories. The best being "For the Honor of the School."

The "Pharos," University of the Pacific, is a well gotten up paper. It contains a very interesting and well written story entitled, "Jocelyn's Success."

The "Ryan Clarion" from Appleton High School, would be greatly improved by a few good stories.

The "Krishno" from Toledo, Ohio, is the best exchange which

we have received this month. It contains several good stories, among others, "John Bradford Brown, Substitute," which is an exciting football story.

The High School "Argus" from Tulare, Cal., is a very neat little paper. "The Outwitted Bandit" is an exceedingly good story.

The "Owl," from Hoitt's School is an interesting paper and contains several good stories.

The San Jose High School "Bell" for Nov. is up to its usual standard. It contains a very short but beautiful description entitled "A Moonlight Scene."

The Thanksgiving number of the "Tahoma" is among the best papers we have received. It contains a very good illustration of the football team.

The "Cherry and White" from Williamsport, Penn., has arrived. The Dec. issue is devoted to athletics, and especially football. It contains several good football stories of which the best is entitled "A Sad Blunder."

The Olympia High School "Review" lacks good stories. There is not one good short story in the October number.

The "Pedestal" from Walla Walla High School contains a number of good stories, and is a good paper in all respects.

Personals and Locals

Teacher (in English) "What is a merman?"

N—"A male mermaid."

We wish the cadets would stop calling a certain cadet, from the Mormon district a vegetable.

M.—(in a day-dream). "One in San Jose, one in San Francisco and one in the east, Which shall I choose?"

Corp. F.—Did you ever see A—make sheep's eyes?"

N.—II. "O he's a mutton-head anyhow."

M.—(from Visalia) "I don't like these yere formality dances anyhow. I like a good old hoe-down like we have down on the farm."

C.—(from Madera). "Thet's so Morley, I agree."

"Out of the abundance of the heart the heart the mouth speaketh, Mat."

H—says that, unless he grows soon he will wear stilts at the next dance.

Teacher (in English) "How would you punctuate the sentence 'Alice a pretty girl is walking down the street?'"

Cadet. I'd make a dash after Alice."—Ex.

Wish. "What can we tell the O-M-so that he will let us go home early at the Christmas vacation?"

Corp. C. "Tell him a dear friend of ours is going to have a splinter removed from his little finger and we want to see him before he undergoes the dangerous operation."

Mat wanted to write on "The Choice of a Vacation." Industrious boy!

H. B. J. alias Nimble is not able to dance very well but is willing to try; while H. A. and E. W. the star half backs, are able to dance but afraid to try. Oh, how bashful!

P—II dislocated G's—inferior maxillary while boxing one night and it took a blacksmith to replace it.

When Corp. E. was asked if he were going to decorate the gym, he replied, "No, but I am going to decorate the Hotel Rafael courts." Oh, how vain! and such a nice boy.

We wonder where Lt. S.—got all the sorority pins he wore at the dance.

The old cadets are all glad to see Old Bill around again. Bill was here for a number of years and was one of the best known characters on the premises. Circumstances induced him to change his residence to the corner of 4th and B streets; but old attractions proved too strong and he is again keeping our campus in excellent order.

A l u m n i

Soo Hoo Dong '98 is one of the doctors in the Emergency hospital at Tien-Tsin. Dong was in the city during the troublesome period of the Boxer insurrection and his military knowledge, which he gained in America, enabled him to do good service.

We expected that quite a number of the graduates would come to attend our Mid-year reception, but Hatch '01 and Stone '00 were the only ones present. Both of them enjoyed the evening Hatch who is attending U. C. expects to try for the baseball team. We wish him success.

William Kerr '00 visited us a short time ago. He is attending the University of California and is doing well there.

Miller '01 is employed by the Southern Pacific Railroad Co. He is working at Terminal Island, a station near Los Angeles.

Charley Ellinwood '01 is working as a cowboy on one of the big cattle ranches in Mexico.

Up to the present time M. T. M. A. has three grandsons. They are the sons of Edwin Woods '95, Geo. Guerraz '95 and Louis Simpson '95.

We wish that the alumni would come to see us more often, as their visits, though few and far between, are always enjoyed. Even if they are unable to come they might at least write and tell us where they are and what they are doing.

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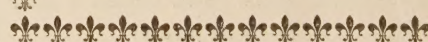
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